BATES

1906

TO
KEEP BRIGHT IN FUTURE YEARS
THE MEMORY OF FACES AND
DEEDS WELL - KNOWN
DURING THE COURSE
AT BATES

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS

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ALLA AMANTHA LIBBEY

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FLORENCE ESTELLE RICH

HOWARD ALPHEUS WIGGIN

LULA MAY NEWTON WORMELL

Dear Book we love thy pages,
Each face and name shall be
Linked through all the ages
With the clasp of memory.
Span the chasm of Life's reach
Till the word of the Master is said,
Hold thy treasures safe till each
From the Book of Life is read.

LILLIAN M. OSGOOD.

"Yell, yell, yell we must."

B—A—T—E—S! Rah, Rah, Rah!
Boomalacka, Boomalacka,
Boom Bates Boom!

I'm a Bates man born,
I'm a Bates man bred,
And when I die, I'm a Bates man dead.

Koma-Korakee Boom-o-Jack
Hullabaloo-a-Crack-i-ti-Crack
Zip-o Bum-o Kula Kanuckeye
Boomerang Bustum alio Buckeye
Kol-i-o Geez-o Ee-ri-ix
Hooray! Tiger! 1906.

You remember what Bacon said: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some, few, to be chewed and digested." For old times' sake the editors bespeak a more merciful treatment of this volume.

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FROM PARKER HALL.
FROM MOUNT DAVID.
FROM SCIENCE HALL.
TENNIS COURT.
FROM WEST CORNER.

CAMPUS.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON.
GEORGE C. CHASE.
WILLIAM H. HARTSHORN
LYMAN G. JORDAN
JOHN H. RAND.

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Born at Unity, Me., March 15, 1844; graduated at Bates College, 1868; teacher of ancient classics and of mental and moral philosophy at New Hampton, N. H., 1868-70; tutor in Greek at Bates College, and student in Cobb Divinity School, 1870-71; graduate student in English language and literature at Harvard University, 1871-72; Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Bates College, 1872-94; studied in University College, London, and in British Museum 1891-92; president of Bates College, and professor of Psychology and Logic since 1894; L. L. D. at Colorado University in 1895; New Brunswick University 1899; 1894; L. L. D. from Colorado University in 1895; New Brunswick University 1899; Bowdoin College, 1902; D. D. Colby College 1895.

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Born at Lebanon, Me., June 16, 1834; graduated at Bowdoin College, 1856; studied law, 1856-57; taught at New Hampton Literary Institution, 1857-59; studied at Andover Theological Seminary, 1859-62; principal Pinkerton Academy, 1862-64; in Europe, 1874-75; professor of Greek and Latin languages at Bates College since 1864.

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Born at Parsonfield, Me., August 3, 1838; member of first entering class at Bates College; teacher of Mathematics at New Hampton Literary Institution, 1867-76; professor of Mathematics since 1876.

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Born at Otisfield, Me., March 12, 1845; graduated at Bates College, 1870; principal of Nichols Latin School, 1870-74; principal of Lewiston High School, 1874-89; studied abroad, 1889-90; Ph. D. Bates College, 1896; professor of Chemistry at Bates College since 1889.

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Born at Lisbon, Me., June 17, 1863; graduated at Bates College, 1886; principal of High School and Superintendent of Schools at Laconia, N. H., 1886-89; instructor in Physics and Geology, Bates College, 1889-90; graduate student in Leipsic University, 1890-91; professor of Physics and Geology, Bates College, 1891-94; traveled abroad, 1898; professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, since 1894.

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Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., September 27, 1870; graduated at Brown University, 1892, *Φ B K;* appointed to G. A. R. Fellowship for two successive years; A. M., 1893; Ph. D., 1894; instructor at Brown University, 1892-94; studied in Germany, 1894-95; professor of German, John B. Stetson University, Florida, 1895-96; Fairmount College, Kansas, 1896-99; instructor in French, Bates College, 1899-1901; professor of German since 1901.

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Born at Winchester, Mass., February 19, 1873; attended Worcester Public Schools; S. B. Worcester Polytechnic Institute, department of Electrical Engineering, 1894; taught at Bridgton Academy, Me., 1895-96; student at Clark University, Worcester, 1896-97; Fellowship in Physics, Clark University, 1897-98; instructor in Mathematics and Physics, Worcester Academy, 1898-1900; professor of Physics at Bates College since 1900; Clark University, Worcester, 1903-'04.

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Born at Haverhill, Mass., December 9, 1872; graduated from High School at Peabody, Mass., 1890; at Bates College, 1896; instructor in Latin and Mathematics at Nichols Latin School, 1896; instructor in Latin at Bates College, 1897-1901; graduate work at Harvard, 1901-03; since 1903, professor of Latin at Bates.

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Born at Windham Center, Me., May 29, 1876; graduated at Nichols Latin School, 1894; Bates College, 1898; instructor in Classics at Hitchcock Free Academy, Brunfield, Mass., 1898-99; graduate work at Harvard, 1899-1901; instructor in Latin at Bates College, 1901-'03.

FRED E. POMEROY, A. M.

Born at Lewiston, Me., March 6, 1877; fitted at Lewiston High School; graduated at Bates, 1899; assistant in Chemistry, 1899-1900; instructor in Botany, 1900-'01; graduate work at Harvard, 1901-'02; now instructor in Biology.

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Born at Montague, Prince Edward Island, Canada, November 29, 1876; attended Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 1892-94; B. A., Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S., 1900; B. A., Harvard College, 1902; instructor in English, at Bates, since 1903.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON.

Born at Boston, Mass., December 13, 1867; graduated at Boston English High School, 1886; studied at School of Expression; teacher's course, 1890; artistic course, 1891; teacher at School of Expression, 1889-92; Union Baptist Seminary, 1892-94; teacher, School of Expression, Newton Theological Seminary, Yale Divinity School, Bates College, 1894-97; instructor in Elocution since 1898.

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Born at Philadelphia, November 18, 1872; graduated at University of Pennsylvania, 1891; studied in Germany, degree Ph. D., 1895; studied in France, 1895-1900, Degree L. L. B., 1900; studied in Italy, 1900-'01; taught in Anglo-Saxon College, Auteuil, 1898-1900; appointed Fellow of Sociology, University of Pennsylvania, 1901, and professor of History and Economics at Bates College 1901-05; author of "Veditz-Gidé," "Principles of Political Economy."

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WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER, A. B.

Born at Boston, January 18, 1879; fitted for college at Roxbury, Mass., High School, graduated from Harvard, 1901; instructor in Rhetoric, Composition and Debating at Bates College, 1901-'03.

CAROLINE E. LIBBY, A. M.

Born at Pittsfield, Me., March 25, 1867; studied modern languages in Boston, two years, then at Berlin and Paris, 1895-96; instructor in Modern Languages at Maine Central Institute, 1896-99; graduated from Bates College, 1901; A. M., 1902; instructor in Romance Languages and Dean for the women of the College.

KARL SCHMIDT, A. M., PH. D.

Born at Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, August 28, 1874, student in Mathematics, Physics and Philosophy at University of Marburg, 1893-94, Berlin 1894-97, and Marburg, 1897-98; A. M., Ph. D., University of Marburg, 1898. Served in German Army, 1898-99, and passed examinations for an officer of the reserve; first assistant in Physical Laboratory at University of Marburg, 1900-'01; licensed lecturer at Harvard University, 1901-'03; substitute for Professor A. L. Clark, Department of Physics, Bates College, 1903-'04.

CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL, A. M.

Born at Kingston, Ontario, Canada, November 28, 1872; graduated at Queen's University, 1894; studied at Toronto and Cornell, 1894-95; Fellow at Queen's, 1895-96; studied at Ontario Normal College, 1896-97; History Master St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, Ontario, 1897-99; staff lecturer for American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, 1899-1905; studied at Columbia University, 1903-'05; professor of History and Economics at Bates, since 1905.

CAROLINE AUGUSTA WOODMAN, A. M., S. B.

Graduated at Vassar College, A. B., 1874; *Φ Β Κ*; A. M., 1889; studied at Harvard Summer School, three terms; Amherst, two terms; Marine Biological Laboratory, Wood's Holl, one term; in Europe, three years; taught in Portland, three years; in Canandaigua, N. Y., nine years; at Wellesley College, five years; librarian since 1895.

BLANCHE W. ROBERTS.

Born at Lewiston, Me., January 2, 1879; graduated at Lewiston High School, 1895, student at Bates, 1895-97; assistant at Kittery High School, 1898-99; assistant librarian since 1903.

CONSTANCE A. GUTTERSON.

Born of missionary parents in India; came to America at the age of nine; graduated from Boston Normal School of Gymnastics in 1904; taught near Baltimore, and at Philadelphia, 1904-'05; director of ladies' gymnasium at Bates, since 1905.

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WILLIAM W. BOLSTER.
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FACULTY.

WILLIAM WHEELER BOLSTER, Jr., A. B.

Born at Mexico, Me., November 11, 1873; attended public schools in Auburn, and Nichols Latin School, Lewiston; graduated at Bates College, 1895; attended Harvard Summer School of Physical Culture, three years; student instructor at Bates three years; director of Physical Training and instructor in Physiology and Hygiene, 1895-1905.

HALBERT HAINS BRITAN, A. M., PH. D.

Graduated from Hanover College, Hanover, Indiana, 1898, with A. B. degree; taught in Kentucky, 1898-99; graduate work in Philosophy, at Yale, 1900; Fellowship at Yale University, two years; received Ph. D. at Yale, 1902; taught in New Haven, and continued work in the University, 1902-03; principal of Reynolds Academy, Albany, Texas, 1904-'05; instructor in Pedagogy, Physiology, Geology and Astronomy, at Bates, since 1905.

COURTLAND TIFFANY CADY.

Born in Warwick, Rhode Island, August 16, 1882; attended public schools in Providence, R. I.; graduated from Messer Lt. School, 1898; assistant physical director at the Providence Y. M. C. A., four years; assistant physical director at Brown University, one year; physical director at Bates College, 1906.

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Myrtle Blackwood

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Alice E. Wyman

Winifred E. Yeaton

[illegible] Young

Myrtle Young

Class Statistics

"Tho' this be madness, yet there's method in it."

"I am his highness' dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you."

HAROLD AUBREY ALLAN.

Born at St. John, New Brunswick, September 7, 1883; graduated from Lewiston High School; nickname, "Cap." Home address, 128 No. Weber St., Colorado Springs, Col. Intended occupation, publishing.

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Born at Gardiner, Me., September 2, 1884; graduated from Gardiner High School, '02; nickname, "Bart." Home address, 106 Highland Ave., Gardiner, Me. Intended occupation, business.

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Born at Somersworth, N. H., December 4, 1885; graduated from Somersworth High School, 1902; nickname, "Blakie." Home address, Somersworth, N. H. Intended occupation, business.

HENRY GARDNER BLOUNT.

Born at Chatham, Mass., October 27, 1883; graduated from Chatham High School, 1902; nickname, "Petrarch." Intended occupation, teaching.

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ROSS MORTIMER BRADLEY.

Born at Guilds, Ontario, Canada, September 28, 1881; graduated from Roxbury High School, Boston, Mass., 1900; nickname, "Brad." Home address, Boston, Mass. Intended occupation, medicine.

BLANCHE ARLINE BRAGDON.

Born at Shapleigh, Me., January 15, 1886; graduated from Springvale High School; nickname, "Bunch." Home address, Springvale, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

AUGUSTA PARKS BRIERY.

Born at Litchfield, Me., May 4, 1884; graduated from Litchfield Academy; nickname, "Gus." Home address, Litchfield, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

CHARLES ELWOOD BROOKS.

Born at Bryant's Pond, Me., June 27, 1886; graduated from North Yarmouth Academy, 1901; nickname, "Bishop." Home address, Norway, Me. Intended occupation, ministry.

EDNA BEATRICE BUTLER.

Born at Springvale, Me., November 21, 1885; graduated from Springvale High School; nickname, "Ted." Home address, Springvale, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

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CLARA MAE DAVIS.

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IRVING GILMAN DAVIS.

Born at Poland, Me., April 25, 1885; graduated from Edward Little High School, '02; nickname, "Fat." Home address, Empire, Me. Intended occupation, business.

LAURA BRACKETT DAY.

Born at Somersworth, N. H., April 16, 1884; graduated from Somersworth High School; nickname, "Troublesome." Home address, Somersworth, N. H. Intended occupation, teaching.

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INA ALEXANDER FOGG.

Born at Gray, Me., November 10. 1883; graduated from Pennell Institute; nickname, "Brother to President of United States." Home address, Gray, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

ETHEL MAY FOSTER.

Born at Cumberland Mills, Me., November 7, 1883; graduated from Westbrook High School; nickname, "Eth." Home address, Cumberland Mills, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

ARTHUR FORD FRENCH.

Born at Norway, Me., March 19, 1885; graduated from Edward Little High School; nickname, "Frenchie." Home address, 25 Parker St., Auburn, Me. Intended occupation, business.

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Born at Mountain Dale, N. B., November 9, 1877; graduated from Ricker Classical Institute and Provincial Normal School, Fredericton, nickname, "Parson." Home address, Mountain Dale, N. B. Intended occupation, ministry.

FLORENCE ELLA HAMBLEN.

Born at Gorham, Me., June 26, 1883; graduated from Gorham High School. Home address, Gorham, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

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Born at Auburn, Me., September 22, 1883; graduated from Edward Little High School. Home address, East Auburn, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

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Born at Searsmont, Me., September 18, 1878. graduated from Freedom Academy, 1902; nickname, "Jack." Home address, Morrill, Me. Intended occupation, law.

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Born at Avon, Me., September 20, 1883; graduated from Marlboro (Mass.) High School, Madison High School; nickname, "Jess." Home address, Anson, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

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Born at Havelock, N. B., September 5, 1881; graduated from Fredericton Normal School; nickname, "Bliss." Home address, St. John, N. B. Intended occupation, ministry.

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ANGIE EMILY PURINTON.

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EVERETT LEROY RAND.

Born at Lisbon, Me., April 29, 1882; graduated from Lisbon High School, '01; nickname, "Joke." Home address, 652 Centre St., Brockton, Mass. Intended occupation, teaching.

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JOHN EVANS ROBINSON.

Born at Blackburn, Lancashire, England; graduated from Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.; nickname, "Robbie." Home address, 1765 So. Main St., Fall River, Mass. Intended occupation, teaching.

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Born at Providence, R. I., November 23, 1881; graduated from Hillsdale High School and Lewiston High School; nickname, "Ash-barrel." Home address, 14 Mountain Ave., Lewiston, Me. Intended occupation, ministry.

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Born at Saco, Me., June 16, 1883; graduated from Thornton Academy, 1900; Nickname, "Steve." Home address, Saco, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

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Born at Farmington, Me., May 7, 1883; graduated from Phillips High School; nickname, "Stewsy." Home address, Phillips, Me. Intended occupation, law.

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Born at Freedom, Me., August 13, 1876; graduated from Maine Central Institute; nickname, "Mike." Home address, Freedom, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

FRED LOVEJOY THURSTON.

Born at Freedom, Me., July 12, 1880; graduated from Freedom Academy, 1902; nickname, "Freddie." Home address, Freedom, Me. Intended occupation, business.

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Born at Wayne, Me., November 5, 1881; graduated from Oak Grove Seminary, 1901; nickname, "Pole-axe." Home address, Wayne, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

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Born at Bolster's Mills, Me., January 25, 1880; graduated from Bridgton, Academy, 1897; nickname, "Ann." Home address, Harrison, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

HOWARD ALPHENS WIGGIN.

Born at North Baldwin, Me., December 20, 1881; graduated from Potter Academy, 1902; nickname, "Wig." Home address, North Baldwin, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

LULU MAY WORMELL

Born at South Lubec, Me., September 6, 1884; graduated from Lubec High School; nickname, "Lu." Home address, Portland, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

ALICE ETTA WYMAN.

Born at Litchfield, Me., May 24, 1884; graduated from Edward Little High School; nickname, "Big Chief." Home address, 145 Hampshire St., Auburn, Me. Intended occupation, teaching.

WINIFRED ELLEN YEATON.

Born at Abington, Mass., March 29, 1884; graduated from Berwick High School; nickname, "Winnie." Home address, Hampton, N. H. Intended occupation, teaching.

ELVENA YOUNG.

Born at Ossipee, N. H., May 16, 1885; graduated from Rochester High School; nickname, "V." Home address, Gonic, N. H. Intended occupation, teaching.

MYRTLE YOUNG.

Born at Ossipee, N. H., February 24, 1883; graduated from Rochester High School: nickname, "Buster." Home address, Gonic, N. H. Intended occupation, teaching.

CLASS HISTORY.

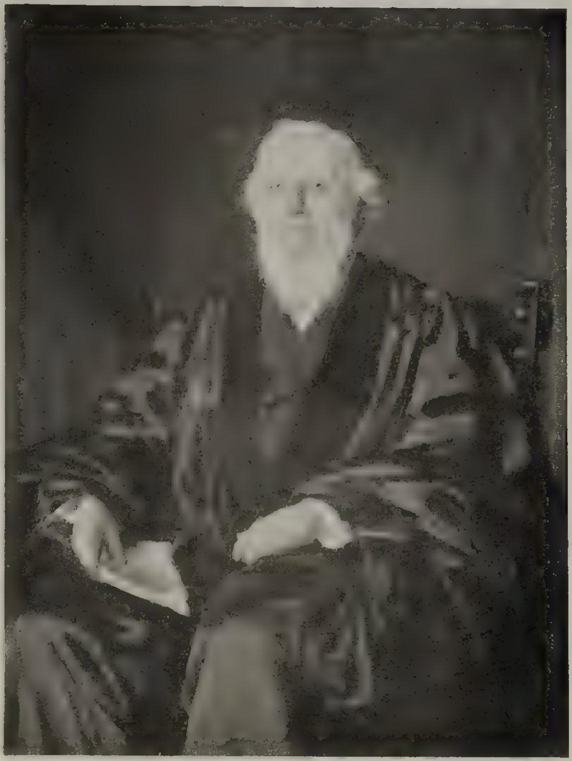
"Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

We came. After we had been told, that first morning, why we had come to college, had written our family history, and copied assignments, we went away to unravel in secret the intricacies of the schedule. We had every grain of self-complacency common to Freshmen, and lost none of it after a glorious base ball victory over the Sophomores.

Our best introduction to 1906 was our ride to Lake Grove with Professor Stanton. We climbed the mountain, mysteriously lost some of our members, visited the Fish Hatchery, and then had dinner. Because our cry was, "Fish Hash! Fish Hash!" it is not to be concluded that we had fish for dinner. We had angel cake. But did we? One youth had baked it himself and engaged a fair maid to eat it; but what became of that angel cake is still a mystery to that domestic Freshman.

We were cordially entertained by the Christian Associations. Their kind method of labelling us was a happy relief from embarrassment. On the march orders more than one Freshman signed himself "Mr.!"

Early in October we organized as a class. Soon came the dedication of Coram Library and the presentation of Professor Stanton's portrait.



Our first Hallowe'en was celebrated at Miss Spear's and not a Sophomore trick succeeded. A fortune-teller with a real cat predicted gloomy futures, but songs and laughter mingled with the groans.

Althouhg busy with the preparation of those first declamations, a part of the class ventured out to our first formal gathering, an "At Home" given by some of the Senior girls. It is said that some of the boys have never since attended "At Homes."

Those dreaded exams. How we studied for them. Every Sophomore took upon himself to scare the trembling Freshies. We wrote volumes in examination and afterwards lived on our reputations.

In our winter term occurred our first and only loss of a classmate by death. This was Charles Tolford Dolloff.

The term passed quickly, the gymnasium work being our only diversion in athletics.

The base ball season brought our interests out of doors. With Pro fessor Stanton, we went on those only morning walks, to which one Auburn girl became so devoted. Distance baffled her not for she was a lover of birds.

On various occasions, when required, we had shouted uncanny cries for 1906, but the demand was now made for a genuine class yell. This soul-stirring production was adopted in May.

As a climax to our bird walks, we went with our dear Professor to No Name Pond. The way was long and the lunch boxes heavy but the smallest boys managed to carry them. On the homeward ride, Mr. Cummings, presumably intoxicated by the warbling of lovely birds, set himself to sing; and throughout an elaborate repertoire on the part of others, sang ever and only "Sweet Annie Moore."

It was our spring privilege to have a lawn party at the home of Miss Libbey. For hours we did every kind of out door tricks, the greatest being an eating contest, performed impromptu by everyone present.

The marching of Freshmen at Last Chapel is always a thing marvelous to behold. 1906 was not to be laughed at, so early and late we practiced to the bewitching sound of "*One*, two, three, four!" We did well, never fear, for we lost the step and swayed to and fro not at all. We separated, Freshmen no longer.

With a good fortune which has followed 1906 from the start, we beat the Freshmen in the all-decisive base ball game. This was our last chance to participate actively, but the class we championed in the two remaining years has had our success.

In place of Dr. Clark in the Physics room, we had Dr. Schmidt, whom we irreverently nick-named, "Herr Hair." Our behavior in all physics recitations was a model for the kindergarten.

We felt it our duty to take a genuine class ride during the fall, so we went to Merrymeeting Park for a day. The fun-making qualities of some of our class had long since been shown but everybody surprised his friends that day. On the stage was presented a superior entertainment, musical and otherwise.

Hallowe'en this year was passed at a rambling old farmhouse on the Sabattus road. If any of the football boys ate pie, they never told. When

our fun had reached its height, we piled out of the house and played "Drop the handkerchief" in the moonlight.

Declamations brought us honors of a more worthy kind than have been recorded. 1906 is proud of her eloquent members.

All fanciful notions were quite driven from our heads by the approaching debates. In fact, it really seemed that all ideas had emigrated, and we Sophomores who a year before had railed gleefully at our unhappy 1905 friends, now sought sympathy from every passer-by. But the time came when we stood before that handful of transient hearers and uttered in impassioned voice our convictions on ship subsides and other equally intangible subjects. One poor girl, whose subject was so weighty that her head seemed wooden, came to the awful and original conclusion that two solids cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

To Mr. McNeill the class wished to express gratitude for his patience during the debate work. A reception was therefore tendered him at the end of the term.

The year was Leap Year and the girls of Bates were not slow to take advantage of this. Accordingly, on Washington's Birthday they entertained in the dormitories. Plans for correctly accompanying the guests home were not carried out because of the icyness of the streets. One young man was so unfortunate as to lose his hat and dashed wildly after it up a Frye street lawn through snow and water a foot deep.

The spring time was marked by the absence of a class ride. Discussions, decisions, retractions, arguments, pleadings, scorns were unavailing. No ride.

Our first chance to take part in the commencement week program was in the prize debate. The few 1906 people who were present were more than proud of each debater.

We attained "Junior ease" in September, 1904, a year destined to be full of good times for us. We made up for our omission in the spring by having one of our pleasantest class rides in October. The Merrymeeting

car took us and our boxes to the park where we stopped for fun and lunch. We made the Casino piazzas our headquarters and had the park wholly to ourselves. After an abundant lunch we went to Bath. The return trip in the sharp October air brought us home in good spirits, leaving the woods resounding to our songs and cheers.

Bates had an out-door interclass meet on October 31. The Junior, 1906, won. We were correspondingly jolly at the Hallowe'en party that evening. At the same farmhouse as the year before, we celebrated the mystic rites of Hallowe'en with the best of utensils: beans, pumpkinpie and cider; Jack o' Lanterns, weird stories and skeletons.

The football game with Bowdoin was played at Brunswick. Bates girls were permitted to attend and 1906 maidens were the most numerous of all. We put it down as a gala day for all who went.

At thanksgiving the usual entertainment by the faculty was somewhat varied by a colonial party in the gymnasium. The costumes were most becoming and the pantomine of primitive scenes accurate, indeed. We found to our amazement that Mr. Connor was the boat by which the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

With the beginning of 1905, snow-shoeing and coasting became the popular sports, as many a scratched and bruised face attested. Two important matters were decided at this time, the class pin and the improvement which we should make as our gift to the college. The history room was our choice and it was remodeled in the early spring.

The Vermont debate called for two of our members and the Maine debate for three more. The former was held in Burlington, the latter in Lewiston. 1906 refers with pride to each intercollegiate debater.

Excellence of a different sort was shown by our class in the intercollegiate out-door meet at Orono. Our four points were won by 1906 men.

The class ride taken in May was in many respects our greatest good time. The weather was perfect. The sail down the New Meadows River

was a big joke from start to finish. We entertained ourselves and all other passengers. Squirrel Island was an ideal place for an excursion and we Juniors made the best of our time. A few ventured too near the bounding deep and got wet feet to pay. "Parson" Gregg quietly conned his sermon under the subdued shade of his umbrella. Miss Weston came near losing herself and the chaperon, but came back in season to start on our long sail to Bath. At Brunswick part of the class decided to finish the journey by electrics. 'Twas then that Mr. Redden got so mysteriously left behind—lost, but found again.

In June, Miss Libbey again invited her class to her home for a lawn party. The full moon made the lawn and summer house a beautiful sight. Competitive games were run off, refreshments served and college songs sung. Everybody was happy.

Ivy Day meant much to us. All ceremonies were carefully carried through, our toasts given and our odes sung. Proud of our caps and gowns we had many a picture taken, while we shivered in the chill of a rainy day.

Junior orations were written and delivered before those weary preliminary judges. The prize division spoke commencement week and then we parted for our last long vacation.

As Seniors we entered those chapel seats to which every alumnus turns instinctively when entering the chapel.

On our class ride to Lake Auburn a few people were strangely bruised. Two of the boys had a "head-on collision," and one girl, jealous out-fielder for the base ball game, limped for weeks. Tragic stories were told by some of overturned canoes and sofa pillows washed upon the shore; but it was only a canoe in tow and empty of human freight.

In the famous Ping-Pong football game, several tender Senior youths of the required ignorance of the game, took active part. They won undying renown.

The last Hallowe'en party for 1906, was in the form of a shore dinner at the Lake Grove House. Menus with poison signs scattered upon them were no hindrance to appetite. Our unfortunate football men, being forbidden such a feast, could only sit and watch and sing. Ghosts, skulls, and witches attended the party.

As the unpleasant thought of "last times" became more frequent, greater interest seemed to be taken in football practice, especially by the feminine portion of the class. A few Senior girls had the delightful privilege of being waiters at the football banquet tendered the team and faculty by Mr. Libbey. At the social afterward, to which all were invited, our Senior football men gave their parting addresses.

A most happy event for the girls during the winter term was the mock wedding held in the new gymnasium. Elaborate preparations were made and carefully carried out.

A Senior party was given at the New Dormitory in honor of Mrs. Connor. A happy variety of entertainment, music, games, songs, and dainty refreshments made this affair one of our pleasantest. During Mrs. Connor's visit a few favored girls were entertained at Parker Hall. Senior boys' rooms were inspected as only a woman's eye can inspect, and the girls enjoyed it.

1906 SQUAD.

The final athletic exhibition reflected credit upon our class as previous exhibitions had done. In excess of the usual Senior enthusiasm, 1906 took active part in both exhibitions, tying the Sophomores for the meet in the boys' and winning the basket ball game in the girls' exhibition.

Senior parts were written with much more ease than our Freshman themes, and Senior exhibition marked the end of another term.

Such events as these are only few of scores which have been enjoyed by us. "Spreads" of every description are the delight of both feminine and masculine hearts and mysterious are the concoctions sometimes prepared. Happy through study and through play, 1906 has lived its four fleet years of college life with a song in its heart and joy for all the world.

GRACE WHITMAN PRATT.

Reminiscences of Parker Hall.

Do you remember the quakings which seized us in the days of our first acquaintance with Parker Hall, whenever we found it necessary to enter or leave its portals? We seemed to love and cling to its interior—when we were inside—and when we were outside, Parker Hall apparently had no attractions whatever for us. This seeming inconsistency had a "natural" cause—the prevalence of sudden, heavy, local showers, especially in the vicinity of the doors of the hall. A wealth of water which the Sophs ought to have used for washing their hands and faces—and some that they had used—was poured out upon us. Such regard for our feelings touched us sometimes. And in a short time we arose and consciously repaid the kindness *lavished* on us, to the last drop in the bucket.

The Sophs, of course, tried a bit of hazing. You, perhaps, have good cause to remember their journeys through the Hall, leaving behind them full-fledged and experienced orators, vocal musicians and clog dancers, where before we had thought ourselves awkward and unskilled in public performances. Perhaps you were present—by forceful and urgent invitation—at the exhibition of aquatic skill given by our Hero of the Fire Escape.

This aquatic member of our class was the hero of another (fire) escapade, demonstrating the way to leave the Sky Parlor when in a hurry. You remember how boldly he swung down over the roof holding to the patent fire-escape, and what happened next. The rope, sawed through by the slate roof, broke, and Henry was launched—into eternity, we thought. With faint hearts we got downstairs somehow, to find him walking, clothed and in his right mind, toward the gym. And the astonishment in the gym was without bounds when he said, "Say, Mr. Bolster, I fell off the roof of Parker Hall. Will you please see if I am hurt?" Fortunately, he was not, owing to Bradley who caught the rope as he passed the third story window and flipped him over, so that he struck on his hands and feet.

That first year in Sky Parlor was a happy one, full of fun and tricks. Nobody escaped his share of rough-housing, straightening out a stacked room, or repairing a bed whose slats had been sawed almost through and had broken when he hied him to his downy couch for rest. And, say, do you remember how we tormented Stewsie? When we could think of nothing else to do someone would say "Lets rough-house Stew." Do you remember that night when Stewsie was plugging an exam. at his table, sitting with his back to the door, elbows on the table and head resting on his hands? It was late and he had dropped asleep. Jimmie crept in and tied a rope to a round of the chair. Then we got outside, shut the door, and pulled the rope. The succeeding few minutes I shall leave as unwritten history.

That first year stands out apart from the others in Parker Hall. After that we moved down stairs, and settled for the rest of our course. Numerous spreads and soireés punctuated the last three years more than any rules for punctuation would agree to. Best of all were the nights when we got together and sang in the soft gloom of colored lights. Songs of home, love, college—everything that had sweet harmony was rendered. From our medley "Old Mother Hubbard" with its startling finale of "There'll be Razor

a'flying Through the Air" we would go to "Good night, My Sweet" with its beautiful quartette accompaniment. Next would come perhaps "There's a Red Light on the Track for Boozer Brown," followed by "Nearer My God to Thee." There was no thought of incongruity in the choice—all were sung earnestly and well. The memories of college songs is one of our most valuable and valued possessions. Around those old songs, as sung during our last days, lingers an air of sadnes, for there was the thought that we should never all sing them together again.

One event in our Parker Hall life spread, in report, far and wide. I mean the ducking of Professor Rand, the most strenuous opponent of that form of hazing. This event was heard of in Portland by a young lady, who repeated the story in a little New Hampshire town. In this way the news reached a classmate who was at home when the thing happened. You remember how it happened? Well, then I will tell it as I heard of it. It was when we were Sophs, a fact which made water-throwing by us look very suspicious. Two fellows, who shall remain nameless, were throwing water at each other, one (call him X) throwing down from a window in Sky Parlor, the other (whom we will call Y) shooting up with a squirt-gun from the window just below in the third story. After a short time X apparently withdrew for good, and Y took to gazing out on the tennis courts. Suddenly Y heard his name called by X above. He thoughtlessly looked out and saw a bag of water swinging by a string. He dodged in just as the bag broke. Then he stuck his head out, looked up and yelled, "never touched me." Conceive, if you can, of his feelings on hearing the well-known voice of Professor Rand, who had just walked out of the door way below. "That's right, throw down another, I'm ready to take all that's coming."

Consider the circumstantial evidence—your window dripping with water, your head out of the window, and Professor Rand below, hat and shoulders drenched with water. What would you have done in Y's place? X above, heard the the voice and recognized it, but could see nothing on account of the coping. He quietly locked his door and crawled under the bed where he stayed until supper time. Y gazed open-mouthed down at Professor Rand, racking his head for an appropriate remark. All he could think of was, "Its looks as if it might storm," and that remark was, under the circumstances, superfluous. As soon as he could control his limbs, he drew in his head, locked the door, and sat down to think. Needless to say, he didn't go near the window again that afternoon. It all cleared up finally and Professor Rand was made to see that it was an accident, due to the fooling of two classmates and not an attempt at hazing Freshmen.

Those warm evenings on the bank back of Parker Hall will never be forgotten. Do you remember how everyone used to go there after supper? A few played tennis, more spooned under the maple trees, but most were there "just for the fun of it." And fun ran riot those evenings, when Bill Redden could spare time from sermons or debates—for, of course, his studies he could leave anytime—he would come out and exhibit his skill in throwing things into various rooms high up in Parker Hall. And Bill disdained to throw through the open half of any window. I believe that he filed a little notch in his right thumb nail for every window he broke just as the Diamond Dick men are said to file a notch in their rifles for every man killed. Among other crazy stunts was the cubeb spree, when we all went cubeb mad. You remember that first night, when we all got T. D. pipes and ground cubebs, and after lighting our pipes, sallied forth to the tennis courts? The girls thought—well, we never shall know the fullness of their thoughts. Not until they discovered that we were smoking cubebs, and not the vile weed, did that strange look on their faces disappear.

When it got too cold to sit out on the banks, and the leaves had fallen, what mad dances we had at night on the campus around the bonfires of dry leaves. What wild yells rent the blue vault of heaven, what riotous songs were sung, when we took "Fifty Beer Bottles" down from the wall, one by one, and then all back, one by one. Later when it got too cold for bonfires we would gather in the reception room in old Parker Hall, and sing, quarrel, tease those who could be teased, or watch the antics of our Klass Klown. And Bill was ever ready to entertain. What supplied his head with ideas was a mystery to us, but he never ran down, neither did he need winding up. When Bill appeared the fun began, and lasted until twinges of our studious minds said "study."

Whatever side appealed to us most, to all Parker Hall has served as a a home, where we were despots over little kingdoms. Our life there was always happy. And if we never have a worse time than we had in Parker Hall our course of life will have been easily and smoothly run, indeed.

RELAY TEAM.

BASEBALL MEN.

BASKET BALL SQUAD.

JUNIOR DRILL SQUAD.

SOPHOMORE DRILL SQUAD.

FRESHMAN. DRILL SQUAD.

Dormitory Fun by One who was There.

I was lying on my couch one afternoon, recently, thinking. Did it hurt? Well, no, because my thoughts were pleasant. I was thinking of commencement and all it would mean to us, and then my thoughts wandered back over the four years we had spent here and all the fun we had had.

Just then my eye fell on my chafing-dish and I thought of that Welsh rarebit Ina made once. Such a delicious rarebit! One of the boys described it afterward as something you could hold down with your foot and draw up—and up—and up. I laughed right out as I thought of it and imagine my surprise to hear another laugh join mine. I looked about in astonishment, for I had thought that I was alone; but my wonder was increased tenfold when I heard my battered old alarm clock say with amazing clearness: "Well, we've had some pretty good times, haven't we?" I was too amazed to answer and the clock went on:

"I have been with you the four years so I remember all your rinkturns pretty well. Do you remember that night, after all you girls had been to State Fair, how Edna Butler dressed up as the fat lady and how funny she bobbed her head? And then the proctor came up, and Edna tried to get behind the screen, but it wasn't big enough to hide her. How the proctor laughed. You girls used to worry that proctor some, didn't you? Remember the night that she ordered Bess to take her knitting and sit out at the telephone so to be handy. She had answered about forty-eleven calls for Bess that evening."

"Do you remember," the clock went on, "that night that Myrtle Blackwood entertained? You girls collected all us alarm clocks and set us all off at once. We did enjoy that. Another night I was in Vena's room when Gus Briery was enduring that pain she was so often troubled with, and the girls stuffed Gus' old bathrobe and a man's dress suit with sofa pillows and put them on a settee just outside the reception room door. Those girls nearly died from laughing that night, and I nearly broke my face trying to keep in."

"I was amused, too, the night that Florence and Blanche woke you up to tell you about putting that Jack o' Lantern before the dean's door. You remember they put a tag on it that read: 'Last in bed puts out the light.' I never thought before that the dean would stay out until midnight."

"Do you remember that Sunday afternoon when you waved those hats at the boys, as they went down to dinner? We were in Whittier then.

You had stolen those hats from the boys and I suppose you flaunted them too much and they were moved to seek revenge, for when they returned, thinking you had gone to dinner, they surrounded the house, or at least the front door, and one of their number, very short, very fat, and very round, stealthily entered and mounted to the second floor, with a confident smile upon his face. But his smile faded, when at the top stair he encountered 'Dame Briery,' and he went down shorter and rounder than when he went up."

"You used to have great sport with the telephone, too, didn't you? I remember how you used to call up one of the '06 boys at Parker Hall and say: 'Hello. Is this Mr. L——? Oh, yes. Thank you. Good bye.'"

"And remember how you all gathered in Cheney House one night and called up all the hotels in the two cities to inquire if George Washington was there? And do you remember how you called up B—— and asked to speak with Solomon Levi? Such fun! Such fun!"

"Oh, yes," I cried, "and do *you* remember——" but just then someone said, "Come! Wake up! It's dinner time!" I opened my eyes and sat up and looked at my alarm clock so strangely that my room-mate burst out laughing. "Did you have a bad dream?" she said.

"No," I answered, dreamily, and the clock ticked: "Do-you. Do-you. Do-you—" and then I went to dinner.

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE DRILLS.

JUNIOR DRILL SQUAD.

CHAMPIONS 1905.

BASKET BALL SQUAD.

The Squirrel Island Trip.

Early in the morning—when the clock struck four
Many girls were busy on the "dorm's" first floor—
Bread they cut in slices—piled it nice and high,
Sandwiches they furnished pleasing to the eye.

All this time at Parker not a sound was heard,
All the boys were sleeping—not a man had stirred.
There wasn't any need on't—all the work was done
That's the way it always is when a class has fun.

At seven-five the train went—off to Bath, you know;
The first time in our history we did really "go,"
Everyone was happy—ready for the best,
But perhaps you're curious now to hear the rest.

Songs, class-yells and music then took up the time,
Everyone was jolly, riding down the line.
Fudge and nuts went thick and fast—each one ate his fill,
Almost came near splitting sides laughing at our "Bill."

But lo! this strange scene changes—I see a narrow street
A crowd of folks are running—like winged mercury fleet;
People stop and wonder—stand and gaze and stare,
But we were off for "Squirrel," so we left them there.

When we reached the steamer there wasn't any hitch,
No one cared a bit then if the boat did pitch.
Down the stream we floated—had a merry time;
I can't tell all about it in this paltry rhyme.

On the sunny south shore, near the water blue,
On the rocks so rugged, seamed and cracked in two,
There the class crowd halted, opened up its store,
Sat them down and feasted—ate and wanted more.

When the lunch was over o'er the rocks we strolled,
Hand in hand they wandered—oh, the stories told!
Hunted on the Island, sought out treasures new,
Gathered gum from spruces, found where the flowers grew.

Soon the time was over, back to the wharf we went,
Everyone was happy—on pleasure we were bent.
There in a bunch we gathered, put on our prettiest look,
And with "Billy," our chaperon, had our pictures took.

When the steamer whistled everyone was there—
Boys with sunburned faces, girls with flying hair,
Back to the city we journeyed, weary a little, I 'low,
But the thought of the whole trip is pleasant as we think
of it now.

That was the happy Springtime—Juniors then in May,
That was one of the best times—that was a glorious day.
When our stories are written and '06's deeds are told,
The trip to Squirrel Island will stand out strong and bold.

STUDENT BOARD.

Ivy Day Poem.

The Bird of Time in his changeless flight
From age to age, to-day we sight
Well down the glowing Western sky
Of our college day. We thought he'd fly
Too slow—too slow; but all too fast
Has he winged the Eastern slope and past
The zenith worked his silent way;
And all too soon to think or say
He'll steal upon another day.
He takes no circles round the skies,
Nor bends his course, but forward flies;
A bird of passage forging on,
When once flown by, forever gone!

On a bay that reflects the summer skies
A vessel new at anchor lies.
Like the queen of the ocean proudly she rides
With new-rigged masts and shining sides.
Her canvas is without a stain;
Her cordage never took a strain;
Beneath the mountain grew her mast
And never knew the raging blast
Of open sea! Her planks of oak
Have never felt the staggering stroke
Of ocean heaving wild! But now
Little wavelets kiss her bow
And softly breathing Zephyrus plays
About the bright, new shrouds and stays.
How tranquil all, serene and calm!
No sound abroad but has its charm;
The lisping wavelets scarcely more
Than ripples lap upon the shore
And warbled lays of the dying day
Upon the scene's fresh sweetness stray.
But list! I hear old ocean roar
As he pounds upon the outer shore.
But all serene within the lee
And careless of the raging sea
Without, the vessel proudly rides
With new-rigged masts and shining sides.

Thou thankless ship, put out thy pride!
'Tis not for thee, thou art untried;
But rather turn thy pride to praise
To the rugged shore that through the days
Of thy building took the billows' shock
And kept thee safe within thy dock!
Yet to oak and pine can be no blame;
What has no sense can feel no shame.
But give that ship a human heart,
That loves life's balm and shrinks from its smart,
A heart that throngs with hopes and fears,
That leaps with joy or pines with tears—

What then, I pray, can be her plea
For riding thoughtless in the lee
And thankless to the sheltering reef
That keeps her free from harm or grief—
A coral reef, of which each part
Was raised by a struggling human heart.
O Past, thou martyr for our sake,
Our praise to thee to-day we'll make
And rouse our hearts, with joy imbued,
To a sense of our base ingratitude.
We'll think of all the pain and woe
And anguish we can never know,
Ere we within these halls could meet
To enjoy the blessings, taste the sweet,
Of college days. Yet not to thee
Alone, thou sheltering Past, shall be
Our thanks and praise; to those who now
With straining nerve and sweat-stained brow
Keep the course of our Alma Mater true
To the star her founders held her to—
To these we would confess our debt,
Which now we feel, but too oft forget.
And now for those whom first we knew,
Who watched and loved us as we grew;
Whose hope are we, who love us still
Be we as thankless as we will;
Who have stood before us as the rock
And freely took the rending shock
Of life's cruel sea—for their dear sake
Our languid, sluggish souls we'll wake
To the larger, nobler, grander life;
We'll enter gladly in the strife
And pay our debt by manly fight
For Virtue, Justice, Truth and Right!
"Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Then build we hard and sure and fast
Within the breakwater which the past
Has raised, and noble hearts maintain
To guard our forming shape from strain;
And strengthen hull, mast, shroud and stay,
Improve the hours of the far-spent day—
Too soon, too soon they'll slip away,
For the Bird of Time straight forw ard flies
He takes no circles around the skies,
A bird of passage forging on,
When once flown by, forever gone!

LUTHER I. BONNEY.

IVY DAY.

Ivy Ode.

Oh! Ivy, stories in olden lore,
Why from the forest and the glen,
Why from thy quiet woody shade
Hast thou come to dwell with men?

"I know not why from my cool retreat
A strange hand brings me here:
I only know a voice now bids
'Live, climb and do not fear.'"

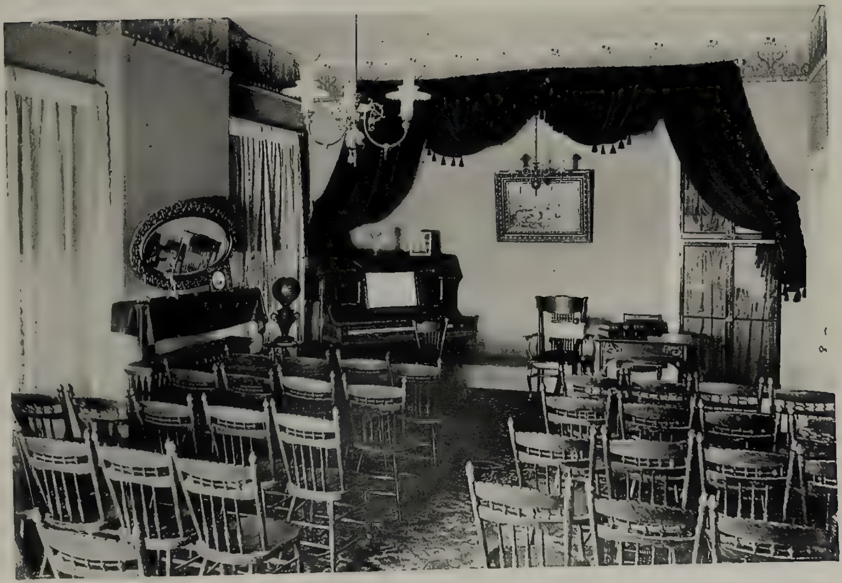
Brave Ivy, my soul thy message learns;
To live and climb toward the sun,
To trust whate'er may be my lot
And to lean on a stronger One.

Tho' life be sad, and the path be long,
I'll hopefully do my part,
And remembering thee, will live my day
With thy lesson in my heart.

Words by Lillian M. Osgood.

Music by Annie R. Weston.

MEMBERS OF GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.



EUROSOPHIA.

All along the busy hum of the years that are to come
Shalt thou, on the wonted night, shelter hearts and faces light
As they stay, on the way;
And thy pictured walls will ring with the songs thy children sing,
With the laughter that they bring,
Blithe and gay.
Then in happiness and light, or in ghostly watch of night,
Still in gladness or in tears, will the hearts of former years,
Gone before, hover o'er.
Memories of other days will inspire voice of praise,
Shadowy hands in blessing raise
Evermore.

E. M. P.

Blanche A. Bragdon.
Edna B. Butler.
Edwin S. Conner.
Harold N. Cummings.
C. Mae Davis.
Irving G. Davis.
Fred. S. Doyle.
J. A. Dunlap.
Ina A. Fogg.
Arthur F. French.
Ernest C. Garland.
Merritt L. Gregg.
H. Durward Harradon.
Leander Jackson.
Wayne C. Jordan.
Ralph L. Kendall.
Anna S. Lanphear.
Albion B. Lewis.
Daniel B. J. Mahony.
Leon G. Paine.
Ethel M. Park.
Daniel L. Pettingill.
Charles L. Phillips.
Florence E. Rich.
Edna J. Robinson.
Elizabeth M. Sheehan.
Galdys B. Spear.
Frank H. Thurston.
Fred L. Thurston.
Louisa A. Watkins.
Annie R. Weston.
Winifred E. Yeaton.

POLYMNIA.

Polymnia! Though thou dost ever,
With earnest zeal and high endeavor,
Attempt to cultivate, refine,
And lift the poorest child of thine
To a grander height, a brighter way,
Yet thou in all dost still display
An open, sweet simplicity
That quickens those who come to thee
And draws them on to prattle free,
Like children around their Grandpa's knee.

L. I. B.

Ralph A. Bartlett.
Frank H. Blake.
Myrtle M. Blackwood.
H. Gardner Blount.
Luther J. Bonney.
Augusta P. Briery.
Helen V. Channell.
Florence E. Hamblen.
Albert G. Johnson.
Ethel F. King.
Edith M. Knight.
Alla A. Libbey.

John C. Merrill.
Lillian M. Osgood.
Jessie M. Pease.
Florence P. Pulsifer.
Angie E. Purinton.
Ashmun C. Salley.
Charles P. Steward, Jr.
Howard A. Wiggin.
Alice E. Wyman.
Elvena Young.
Myrtle Young.

PIAERIA.

Piaeria dear, ere we give place
To a younger, ruder race,
From thy largess, pray bestow
A blessing on us that may grow
Throughout the years and hold us true.

Grant us each the 'enchanted ear
Evermore at will to hear
The echoing music of thy songs,
The laughter fellowship prolongs!
Give our hearts the magic power
To live again thy happy hour!
In memory still the gladness lend
Of the warm hand grasp of a friend!

A. P. R.

HAROLD A. ALLAN.
W. SCOTT AUSTIN.
ROSS M. BRADLEY.
CHARLES E. BROOKS.
LAURA B. DAY.
ZELMA M. DWINAL.
LEO. W. FARRAR.
WALTER L. FISHER.
ETHEL M. FOSTER.
EUGENE R. GAUTHIER.
MERVIN S. GILES.
WARREN W. JAMES.
GOLDIE I. KABATCHNICK.
WILLIAM O. KIERSTEAD.
GEORGE E. MANN.
J. GARFIELD PERRY.
GRACE W. PRATT.
ALICE P. RAND.
WILLIAM R. REDDEN.
ANNIE G. RICHARDS.
JOHN E. ROBINSON.
MABEL V. SHAW.
ELIZABETH C. SPOONER.
HAROLD W. STEVENS.
ELMER R. VERRILL.
LULU M. WORMELL.

SOCIETY PRESIDENTS.

Deutscher Verein zu Bates.

The Deutscher Verein zu Bates is a social organization founded by the members of the class of 1906. Its object is to give its members an opportunity to become better acquainted with German life and literature and to acquire a greater facility in speaking the German tongue. It has been customary to invite speakers who are well versed in matters pertaining to Germany to address the Verein.

The charter members from the class of 1906 are Austin, Bonney, Cummings, Farrar, Harradon, James, Johnson, Jordan, Redden, Salley, Stevens, and Wiggin. The first officers were: President, H. D. Harradon; Vice President, H. N. Cummings; Secretary and Treasurer, L. W. Farrar.

The founders of the Verein believe they have established an association which will be very useful to future members and a potent social and educational factor at Bates.

VEREINGESCHREI:

Burschen heraus! Burschen heraus!
Lass' es schallen von Haus zu Haus!
Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!
Deutscher Verein zu Bates!!

ERSTE EINFÜHRUNG

NOVEMBER 25TH, 1906

MENU

Auster Suppe
Sauer Kraut
Frankfurterwurst mit Senf
Schwartz Brot Semmeln
Gefrorenes Eis
Kuchen Kaffee

TRINKSPRÜCHE

Mein Erste Sauerkraut
In der guten alten Sommerzeit
Mein Schatz—Minna von Barnhelm
Wissenschaft und Litteratur

WICHTIGE REDEN

Die Wahlverwandtschaft
Der altgriechische Rauhehauch
Mein Erste Papiercigarre
Unsere Verein

DEUTSCHER VEREIN.

DELTA DELTA.

THETA SIGMA.

"A Plentiful Lack of Wit."

"If ye have tears prepare to shed them now."

1. Trace the history of the English language from the time of Adam to 1906.
2. How many times have you cut?
3. How many times have you flunked?
4. Specialize on Chaucer.

Answer any 5 of the above 4 questions.

" Many a man has thought that he
To his lady's heart possessed the key;
But when at last he came to knock,
He found another had spooned the lock."

A dignified Senior translating: "And she hung herself on his neck." "My, what suspense," says the instructor.

A Senior in geology: "A fossil is a skeleton or—in fact any other other landmark."

To 1906.

Tell me not in careless numbers
  Polecon is but a dream;
He who cuts for lengthened slumbers,
  Finds things are not what they seem.
No! 'tis real; and in earnest
  Thou must strugle toward tbe goal,
"Eighty-five" for which thou yearnest,
  Is not gained without the toll.

One of 'Em.

What's in a name? Let us see: *Redden.* This is derived from the German word "reden," meaning to talk. We will doubtless all admit that there is much in this name. *Kendall.* This is derived from two German words, "kennen" and "alles," to know everything. How about this? *Pulsifer.* This is taken from two Latin words, "pulsus" and "ferre," meaning "to bear blows," signifying a patient, enduring spirit. True isn't it? *Libbey.* A corrupted form of "liber," Latin for book; as applied to a person it means a bookworm. *Blackwood.* Compounded of black and wood. As black wood is, at least, unusual, the name has come to be applied to a person who is not of a common type, in other words, one who is a "freak." *Davis.* A contraction of De Avis, "from grandfather"; means a peculiar person with a prominent tendency toward old-fogyism, *Mahoney.* Dialect, "Ma honey"; a sweet, loving, childlike inoffensive person.

There was a young man named Perry,
Who never was known to be merry;
He had curly hair and a jaw that was square
And was most intellectual. Very!

Clear cut against the morning sky stood the walls of the New Dormitory and far out from the still unfinished attic floor those awful boys (or so we thought) had rigged a platform on which there stood a bedstead. Theatre announcements of "Lover's Lane" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" gaily fluttered from the sides and footboard. Every breeze from Davids Mountain threatened to send it crashing down. All day long the boys laughed.

Evening came and the vesper hour. Everybody went to church but six Whittierites. Quickly we climbed from floor to floor, feverishly we tore that bedstead from its supports and down the unfinished stairs, scooting in the shadow of campus trees and buildings we set forth for Sabattus. But our load was heavy and a mile from Science Hall we laid it down in a field of butter-cups and daisies.

Winter Senior German Exam. was a period known as "Sturm und Stress." The first part was Storm and the last was Stress.

PING PONG.

The annual football game between the green men of the Senior and Sophomore classes and the green men of the Junior and Freshmen classes took place Saturday, October 14th; the former were designated by the appellation "Pong" and the latter by that of "Ping." It was thought that Ping Pong would well describe the game considering the qualifications of the combatants. But the sun faded the greenness of this supposedly untried crowd and the anticipated game of Ping Pong turned into a real game of football. There were the plunges, the rushes, wild gesticulations, excited shouts, doleful grunts and groans. Once from the melee the giant Jordan shot like an arrow and downed the halfback, Rogers, in his tracks. Then that fallen hero shouted in lion-tones that shook bricks off the chimney of Roger Williams Hall, "Who's taking care of that man Jordan?" Thereafter the Spartan brave was for the most part invisible, but at times he made his presence felt. The fiery Farrar time and again broke through the line, displaying horribly the place where his teeth weren't. There were many more heroic acts of heroic men, and had I the genius of Homer I would recount them all that none be lost to the forgetful multitude; but this must suffice:

Half a yard, half a yard, half a yard onward,
Straight to Pingers' goal charged the eleven.
Forward, ye gallant crew! Forward, ye chosen few!
Straight to Pingers' goal charged the eleven.

Ping men to right of them, Ping men to left of them,
Ping men in front of them twisted and struggled;
Though brave and hero fell, boldly they charged and well
Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of Hell
Jostled and juggled.

When can their glory fade? O, the wild rush they made!
Angels from Heaven
Peered through the boundless blue down on the dauntless few,
Noble eleven!

EDWIN CONNER, Jr.

Retrospect, but Forward.

Looking back over our college years, we feel a thrill of sadness. We have laughed, we have revelled, we have tried, we have toiled. But what's the good of all this? The cord is broken now. Friend, it may not have been in vain!

"In a valley centuries ago,
Grew a little fern, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.
Oh, the long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! Oh, life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away
Sweetly to surprise us, the last day."

But whether sad or pleasant our looking backward, it is not thus that we shall live. We shall make the past ring true by our movement ever forward.

"As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"